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Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

No. 34. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1913. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY

LEAVING NOTHING TO CHANCE.

Modern Life

No. 34. Week ending December 27. One Penny.

Editorial Offices:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
Publishing Department:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
Advertising Department:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
Annual Subscription, 8s. 8d.; for six months, 4s. 4d.; for three months, 2s. 2d. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.
Notice to Contributors:—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words). Humorous and topical sketches (line drawings) will also be considered. Stamped envelope should be enclosed. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

QUEEN MARY'S ANGER AT THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Drastic Revision of the Box-leases of the Royal Opera to be made.

I learn that Queen Mary was intensely angry at the "raid" of the Suffragettes upon the Royal Opera during their Majesties' visit last Saturday night. Already the authorities of the Royal Opera have been called upon to make a drastic revision of the leaseholders of the boxes. There is no doubt that the box from which the Suffragette "demonstration" was made was temporarily obtained by a trick. For once, we are glad to be able to announce that the Jews had nothing to do with it. The numerous Goldschmidts, Rothschilds, Sassoons, Meyers and Neumanns, who lease important boxes at the Opera, were guiltless of any offence. The Suffragette "demonstration" was made from one of the two boxes which are rented by untitled ladies of wealth. They are Mrs. Glasgow, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. F. Tennant, and Mrs. Mitchison; and as Nos. 35 and 36 are right opposite the Royal box, and on the same tier, there is certain to be a change of leases next season. In a previous number of Modern Life we demonstrated how the privacy and safety of the Royal family were secured at the Royal Opera.

How the King is Safeguarded at the Opera.

The Royal box at the Opera is a double one, covering two boxes beneath it. One of these lower boxes is not let, and No. 34 is let to Mrs. Hugh Stafford, Mrs. Robert Emmett and Baron A. von Goldschmidt-Rothschild. The King himself rents the box immediately to the right of the Royal box, and next to that, No. 65, is rented by the Princess Royal, where Princess Arthur of Connaught is likely to be often seen next Season. The boxes *beneath* these are occupied by His Majesty's personal friends, Sir Allen Young, who is nearly ninety; Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador; the Marquis de Soveral, the great friend of Queen Alexandra, and of the late King Edward; Lord Farquhar, the Controller of the Royal Exchequer; Lord Herschell, who is also in the Court; Lord Castlereagh, the Marquis of Londonderry's son and heir; the Marquis of Crewe, leader of the Radical peers; Lord Revelstoke, King George's financial adviser; and Prince Kinsky, a relation and friend of the Tecks.

The Royal box is separated from the stage by the two boxes occupied by Mr. A. de Rothschild and the Duke of Bedford (who owns—or did own—the site of the Royal Opera), and the two opposite stage boxes by the Marchioness of Ripon, who is the greatest friend of Queen Alexandra among the peeresses; Baron A. de Rothschild, Mrs. Leggett, and Baron de Mayer. Altogether, the Royal Opera authorities have generally taken great pains that His Majesty's comfort and safety shall be secured, but it is, of course, impossible that some of the boxes can be secured against Suffragettes, and the "demonstration" of Saturday last was proof of this. But stern guarantees against such occurrences are to be taken in future by the securing of the boxes facing the Royalties for more of their Majesties' personal friends.

How the Divorce Judges protect Peers.

As we stated would be the case, some weeks ago, there were no "sensations" for the public in the de la Warr "restitution" case. Our readers will remember that we said "The de la Warr case will not provide the public with anything 'spicy.' It has all been beautifully arranged! Lord de la Warr is an expert at the business! When his first wife got a restitution order against him, the thing was carried through with wonderful adroitness. The lady wrote his Lordship a 'lawyer's letter,' asking him to return to her. Lord de la Warr replied that he wouldn't! And there you are! Justice Jeune carefully protected the unhappy couple from any 'details' leaking out, and promptly shut up one enterprising barrister, who sought to make a *cause célèbre* out of the story, and, incidentally, to get his own name into the papers as a Society gownsman."

A Real-Life Romance done in Twenty Lines.

Lord de la Warr has received the same careful protection from the present Divorce judge. The whole case, which I may add is full of romance, occupied just twenty lines in the *Daily Telegraph*, excluding the two short letters which were necessary for the "request" and the "refusal" of the parties. We cannot help wondering whether the Divorce judges would have done the papers out of such an array of picturesque copy as the de la Warr case contains if the parties had only been simple country gentry instead of an influential Earl and his Countess!

Why "Fife" House?

Prince Arthur has decided to name his new home in Mount Street "Fife House." And very nice, too! Some months ago, on August 16th, we pointed out that, after the wedding, the princely couple were to be known simply as "Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught," and that the lady's title of "Duchess of Fife" would practically disappear from Society's rotula. The reason for this is that, by her marriage, the young Duchess of Fife has "gone up one" in rank. As a maid, she was merely a "Highness"; but on her marriage to Prince Arthur she became a Royal Highness, consequently there is no necessity for her to add the title, "Duchess of Fife." Should her sister marry, and their mother, the Princess Royal, go to her grave—as go she must some day—the Fife honours will disappear altogether, and the name become unknown. Consequently, there is the best of reasons for perpetuating the name in Mount Street of the family which has brought so much money into the Royal Family!

The Futility of a Title.

Sir Lionel Phillips, who came so near to being murdered in Jo'burg, is a remarkable illustration of the fact that a title brings little real happiness to some people, when, at any rate, social eminence is the *raison d'être* for it. Sir Lionel was made a Baronet last year, and came home and settled, as he thought, for the rest of his life in London. He and his lady looked forward to a great time as "Sir Lionel and Lady Phillips," but after some months they found that charity bazaars about reached the limit of their ascent of the Society ladder.

Everybody seemed to regard them as "gold mines," to be tapped on every possible occasion, and so disgusted were they at the uselessness of their baronetcy to achieve for them recognition among the "born great," that they decided to go back to South Africa for ever, where they were known and recognised as "people worth knowing," apart from their title. For Sir Lionel and Lady Phillips, it may be said that they weren't long in finding it all out. We could name a score or two of baronets of the Twentieth Century who have taken years to find out how little they counted in *real* Society; and only disappeared into the shires after years of heart-burning and "bleeding" in the pursuit of a futile ambition. The old families are as shy as ever of South African millionaires, unless "something is to be got!"

FEELING THE PINCH.

She: "The way you men run after Miss Biggs, the heiress, is disgusting. It's true that money talks."

He: "Well, I know that it's always saying 'Good-Bye' to me."

What the Duke told to the King.

From a highly-privileged source, I learn that at Chatsworth last week the Duke of Devonshire succeeded in telling King George something that His Majesty did not know about State affairs! The Duke's communication to the King was that the action-at-law to compel His Grace to pay land taxes on the forecourt and garden of the Devonshire mansion in Piccadilly was only the opening of a remarkable campaign, which is to be conducted nominally by the Solicitor-General, but in reality by Mr. Lloyd George, against the Dukes, who are London's chief ground-landlords. King George did not know anything about the action in regard to Devonshire House, Piccadilly; and when the facts were placed before His Majesty, the Royal cigar went out with astonishment. Not because of the proposal of the new Lloyd-Georgian Solicitor-General (Sir S. Buckmaster), that the courtyard of Devonshire House, and the lawn and shrubbery at the back, should be assessed for future taxation at the value of £160.000, and subject, therefore, to a half-penny tax, amounting to £333 6s. 8d. a year, but because of the extraordinary programme for forcing open the coffers of the ducal ground-landlords of London, which this action inaugurates.

* * *

A rough time in store for the London Dukes.

The Duke of Bedford, I learn, is down for taxation on his open spaces and squares in Bloomsbury for no less than three million pounds! One square alone is to be estimated for taxation as "undeveloped land" at £600,000. The Duke of Norfolk is (if the Solicitor-General wins his case over Devonshire House) to be let in for some of his open sites on the Embankment, and in the neighbourhood of the Strand. The Duke of Portland's London property, which now, however, belongs to the Duke's relation, Lord Howard de Walden, is to be assessed at over a million sterling, on account of its squares alone; and Lords Northampton and Cadogan are among several ducal relations who are looking forward to a rough time when Mr. Lloyd George begins to get his own back on the Dukes who have scored over him in the past!

The King and the Duke of Devonshire's Troubles.

As for the Duke of Devonshire, he is the most unhappy landlord in England. No wonder he couldn't afford more than a two-guinea engraving for a wedding-present for Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught! No sooner did he drop in for his uncle's coronet than he began to bewail his lot, and he has been bewailing it ever since. The King has probably heard about his financial grievances a dozen times or more, for the Duchess of Devonshire is Queen Mary's Mistress of the Robes, and in pretty constant attendance on Her Majesty, though, if rumour speaks truly, Her Grace is poor company for the Queen, and is released from her offices as often as possible. It is, of course, a terrible drain upon a man to have to meet a hundred thousand pounds in death duties at the start-off of his ducal existence, without Mr. Lloyd George coming along with a dozen fresh extortions. Chatsworth alone costs the Duke £17,000 or £18,000 a year to keep up. His Grace used to keep no less than seventy gardeners constantly at work on the grounds.

A Duke bent upon Economising.

The Duke started his "reign" by giving up racing. The Devonshire colours had been foremost in Britain for generations, until the present Duke came into possession. The late Duke spent his life in trying to win the Derby, but he never succeeded. The new Duke next sold off the wonderful Devonshire flocks of Southdown sheep at Eastbourne. His brother, Lord Richard Cavendish, did the same upon his estate at Holker Hall, in Lancashire. The new Duke, as Mr. Victor Cavendish, had been famous for his shorthorns and shires, but when the coronet came his way he sold the lot, and then looked round for other means of cheeseparing. And he found them!

There was the Devonshire pack of fox-hounds at Eastbourne. The Duke derives a handsome income from his Eastbourne property, but he decided that the pack must go. And they went! In so far, that is, as the Duke's contributions went.

HONESTY.

Teacher: Henry, can you define a hypocrite?

Henry: Yessum. It's a kid wot comes to school wid a smile on his face.

* * *

Life's as brief as love at sight; some joy, some grief, and then—good night.

MISS 1914 PANTOMIME SEASON.
Waiting for her cue.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

The "Continental Sunday" Again.

There is another Bishop in the field. Seizing the opportunity afforded by a lull in the London Purity Campaign, the Bishop of Sodor and Man has stepped forward into the front rank of attackers of the people's amusements, with a fierce criticism of Sunday kinema shows. The force of the criticism, however, is considerably abated by such declarations as "We are beginning to sound the knell of national prosperity when we introduce into England a Continental Sunday." When will that dear old bogey be laid to rest? The good Bishop, and all the other well-meaning kill-joys, who utter this terrible phrase—Continental Sunday—with bated breath, have not the faintest idea what they are talking about. They belong to the class who regard all Frenchmen (and women) as immoral, and Paris as the chosen haunt of Satan, forgetting—if they ever knew—that the lurid attractions of Montmarte, and other pleasure haunts, are provided almost entirely for foreign consumption. I suppose it is a last lingering trace of the old-fashioned insularism, which regards all foreigners as wicked, and all foreign ways as depraved and vicious. As a matter of absolute fact, it would be an extremely good thing for the Churches if the true Continental Sunday *could* be introduced into England. Then we should, most of us, go devoutly to Church in the mornings, and spend our afternoons and evenings (if we didn't go to Church again) in sober rational recreation. In that event, there would probably be fewer people in this country of such a curious frame of mind, that they can see nothing but national degradation and degeneration in the natural desire of poor hard-working people for a little light and colour in their dull drab lives.

* * *

Are we Deteriorating?

It is a curious coincidence that the two things which most often form subjects for lectures upon the deterioration of the British race from the clergy are exactly the two things which have contributed most to diminish the national drink bill. How often are we told that it is a sign of national degeneration that hundreds of thousands of people should flock to football matches on Saturday afternoons! How often is the increasing popularity of the kinema cited as a proof that we are becoming a frivolous nation! Yet football matches keep thousands of men in the open air, who would otherwise probably be drinking themselves sodden in a tap-room, and the kinema of the poorer districts is proving a very serious rival to the gin-palace. It is all very well for the comfortable Bishops to inveigh against the innocent amusements of the poor—for the kinema is, above and beyond all things, the poor man's theatre—but what substitute are they going to provide? Of course, the answer is that people ought to go to Church and, afterwards, home to bed. But if the great mass of the people decline to follow this counsel of perfection—as they do decline—we are brought straight back to the fact that the kinema houses are doing a splendid work in keeping young people off the streets, and their elders from the public-houses.

* * *

A Consolation for the Pessimists.

I hold no brief for the picture-houses; I have never been inside one, either on Sunday or any other day, as I see a sufficiency of films as single items in the excellent programmes of the leading variety theatres. But I do think that

"HURRAH! THERE'LL BE SKATING TO-MORROW!"

the continual attacks upon these places—as tending to incite the youthful mind to frivolity, or to crime, and all that sort of thing—are singularly ill-advised, and are only too often inspired by people whose pockets have been touched by the great popularity of the pictures. Anyhow, suppose we let it go that the "movies" *do* have all these horrible effects; we have, at any rate, the consolation that most of the other nations of the world are degenerating along with us, for the kinema rage has been equally marked in other countries, both on the Continent and across the Atlantic. So we have plenty of company on our downward path!

* * *

A Score for the Oil Trust.

Oil exploitation in South and Central America by British firms has, unfortunately, fallen within the devastating arena of party politics, and it is difficult to consider the subject with a dispassionate mind. Leaving Lord Murray and Lord Cowdray aside, however, there is little doubt that British prestige has suffered in Costa Rica and Colombia by the rescission of the contract with the Pearson firm. The underground methods of the Standard Oil Company and its associates, backed up by the United States Ministry, have once more succeeded in thwarting opposition, and one more nail has been driven in the coffin of Yankee domination of the Latin-American States. The ruthless procedure of the capitalist from the States is both hated and feared by the Latin-American populace, but, unfortunately, their rulers—often self-elected—are amenable to the persuasion of the long purse, and the will of the people does *not* prevail. It is possible, of course, that the contracts will yet be ratified, and that their temporary failure has been due to neglect on the part of the negotiators to bribe sufficiently largely, and in the right quarter, but on the face of it the situation points to a complete victory for the Oil Trust—a victory which makes more difficult of realisation the dream of large supplies of oil controlled by British enterprise and worked by British capital—a consummation devoutly to be desired, in view of the probable great increase in the use of oil fuel in our battleships.

* * *

Corset Parades.

It has taken the London County Council about four-and-a-half weeks to make up its mind that the parade of chorus girls, clad only in corsets and etceteras, at the Pavilion Theatre, was exceedingly objectionable. Well, better late than never! The "act" ought never to have been put on, and, being put on, ought to have been stopped immediately. But I suppose the Bishops weren't looking that way, so the show has been allowed to continue until the L.C.C. woke up. Of course, it is sheer taradiddle for Messrs. Goodson and Lauri to pretend that their sole object in producing this parade was "to teach conclusively the beauty of form to be attained by careful attention," to corsets of "the very latest and most artistic design." Anybody who is out for information of this kind can readily obtain it, without charge, in the course of a walk along Regent Street, where there are some quite thrilling displays of these more intimate adjuncts of the feminine toilet. The "nuts," who patronised the Pavilion corset parades in large numbers, didn't care a row of pins about the shape of the corsets displayed, and were not competent to form an opinion whether they were of the very latest design or not. The show was an unblushing exhibition of very scantily-dressed women, and as such, ought never to have been allowed on a London stage.

MODERN LIFE IN PARIS.

Marianne's Joy.

Last week I told you of Marianne's troubles—and no doubt, as loyal partisans of the Entente Cordiale, you have passed sleepless nights, worrying and wondering how the old lady was getting on. Well, *mes enfants, ça va très bien.* Not only are all Marianne's troubles and worries over—but she is full of joy; her spirits are overflowing—*c'est le cas de le dire.* Fancy—Doumergue, Carpentier and La Joconde all at once. Triumph in the domains of Politics, Sport and Fine Arts! France has a brand-new Cabinet—not a Cabinet of geniuses—but still a Cabinet which, let us hope, will keep Christmas. And scarcely had the *Conseil des Ministres* assembled—when Doumergue, who is both Premier and Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was able to announce a great and glorious French victory on foreign soil.

* * *

Carpentier the Magnificent.

Rejoice—ye sons and daughters of France—shades of the great Napoleon and of the heroes fallen, just a century ago, upon the famous battlefield, look down—or up—as the case may be—and behold the young and marvellous Frenchman who has avenged Waterloo! Thrice happy is the mother-country that can boast of such sons! In a few seconds Carpentier has given Bombardier Wells a licking! And crowds thronged the *Salle des pas perdus* at the Gare du Nord, eager to get a glimpse of the biceps of Carpentier. I was there, I admit, for I am an inquisitive and curious individual, and the psychology of crowds always interests me. The champion fighter received an ovation almost as enthusiastic as that accorded to the President of the Republic, or to a foreign potentate, certainly much more enthusiastic than that which Cabinet Ministers ever get. Forgotten are the squabbles of the Chamber, forgotten the question of Consols, which brought about the downfall of the Barthon Cabinet. France is frantic, mad with joy, over the great victory. And yet—I blush to record—there are gloomy grumblers, miserable pessimists everywhere. Would you believe it, that there are actually people in Paris who shrug their shoulders contemptuously at the fuss made about Carpentier. Oh, *les ingrats!* Said one Frenchman to me: "This is a sign of a sad decadence, yes—decadence. When a nation is beginning to attach more importance to physical strength than to intellectual development, it is going down hill." The intellectual and artistic people scorned such a petty victory. Bah—there is nothing to be proud of, certainly nothing to rejoice about.

* * *

Lisa of the Eternal Smile.

And lo! As if to satisfy the grumblers and pessimists, the brainy and artistic people, and work a miracle for their special benefit—give them a surprise *pour leurs etrennes*—the famous Monna Lisa suddenly turned up—and is about to return to Paris! And now the intellectuals and the artistic people are also going to have a jolly *Noel.* The prodigal daughter—the naughty fugitive, who has been on the spree—heaven and thieves only know where—for over two years, is returning—and the fatted calves will be killed for the *reveillon.* How furious León Bêrard and Dujardin-Beaumetz, former Under-Secretaries at the Beaux-Arts must be—how envious of M. Jacquier, their successor, into whose arms Monna Lisa is now returning from the Arno town. Well do I remember the last occasion on which I contemplated the portrait of Monna Lisa. Her voluptuous and charming image has existed for several centuries, and thousands have stood in mute admiration before the narrow frame. And now once more men of all ages and of all countries will feel the gaze of her ardent eyes, listen to the words which seem to fall from her perfidious lips, and watch her eternal smile, the mocking smile which charms and seems to *promise* but never *gives* happiness. The smile of woman *par excellence!*

* * *

Fashion—Hair, Gloves, Etc.

I know, *mes dames,* that you are anxious to be up-to-date and *le dernier cri,* dressed *à la mode de Paris.* You know, of course, that the abdomen, or "tummy" is now in fashion. Lest, however, you should misunderstand the right spirit of this fashion, I shall add, by way of explanation, and on the excellent authority of a very fashionable lady who knows all about it, that the idea of this mode is not to add anything but simply to wear the abdomen, if I may thus express myself, in its normal place. "*La femme,*" says a French author, "*est faite pour être vêtue selon les sinuosités de ses lignes.*" Now you know it. I can't go into details. What I am, however, anxious to tell you is the important fact that Dame Fashion has now issued new decrees. Bare arms are improper. You may wear a slit skirt, show a dainty leg, sheathed in an open-worked stocking—but beware of exhibiting a naked arm; *ce serait shocking.* Chaste and reserved ladies who are *comme-il-faut* wear white gloves reaching high above the elbow.

Another more important decree is one referring to the colour of the hair. Elegant ladies should match with their dresses, not only shoes, stockings and *les dessous*—but also their very hair. If the dress is white or green, then the hair too must turn white or green. Fair Parisiennes, however, do not all dye their hair, but have recourse to the art of the wig-maker; a wig to match every particular dress. I have already seen fashionable ladies—*du monde où l'on s'amuse*—with red, green and yellow hair! The fashion of green hair was launched, I believe, by Baudelaire, who, having dyed his hair the colour of hope, paid a visit to Théophile Gautier. Much to Baudelaire's disgust, Gautier was not *épaté.* That is exactly what is happening to many fashionable ladies, *mondaines* and *demi-mondaines.*

* * *

The Diversion of the Divorceés.

The poor *divorceés* of Paris are to have a diversion—to cheer up their lonely and desolate lives. A new ring has been devised for them, in lieu of the plain gold one. I doubt, however, whether the new ring will be a success. You see, in England, a *divorcée* has a certain fascination. The Englishman is naturally reserved and prudent. He dreads the possibility of his having to play the rôle of corespondent in a court of law; scandal—and costs—frighten him. If he is obliged to choose he will pay court to a *divorcée* rather than to a married woman. Not so the Frenchman. The French gallant prefers to make his amorous advances to a married woman, a woman with an *alliance* on her finger, rather than to one who is unattached. Indeed, I know—I mean to say I have *heard*—of many ladies who slip the plain wedding ring on their shapely finger, even if they are not entitled to it. The alliance is a sign of respectability—and—and—you understand.

* * *

Bergson and Anatole France.

Anatole France, I hear, has been visiting your shores. France, I am told, does not like the philosophy of Bergson, *le philosophe à la mode.* One day the poet-novelist visited a lady of his acquaintance and found her reading one of Bergson's works. "What," exclaimed the master, "you read this ———?" "Yes," replied the fair one, with a philosophical turn of mind, "I find Bergson intelligent." To which France is supposed to have replied: "Intelligent! So he is, considering that he succeeded in stultifying a whole generation." Talking of philosophical ladies, I must tell you of a conversation I had with a very charming brainy lady here. I know a good many such ladies—what? Oh, yes, of course, with pleasure, I shall introduce you to some of them, if you are anxious to have an intellectual chat—an intellectual chat—*et c'est tout.* Well, one of these charming philosophers, in the presence of several other ladies, one afternoon expounded to me a theory of her own. "Every woman," she said, "resembles a certain fruit. Some women look like apples, others like pears, while others again bear a striking resemblance to peaches and bananas." And whilst I pondered over the new theory, she suddenly staggered me with her question—"And which is your favourite fruit, monsieur?" "Madame," I replied, "I like a little fruit salad best." You may make use of this story on Christmas Eve—under the mistletoe—but do not forget to quote me, for my story is quite original and copyright! Au revoir!

ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT.

No man who goes after things gets more than the chap who takes them as they come.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

It is not very pleasing to English people to learn that in Venice to be an English peer is not the incontestable claim to respect that it is in other Continental cities.

* * *

The extraordinary behaviour of a handful of "super-nuts" and "super-nutesses," most of them with handles to their names, and headed by a Duchess, has led the people of Venice to the conclusion that the proverbial madness of the English is not, in the twentieth century, the harmless form of lunacy it was in the nineteenth.

* * *

The offenders appear to labour under the delusion that what they do in Venice will never be heard of in London, but the most circumstantial stories are being told here in club smoking-rooms. The yarns are related at the clubs for the simple reason that most London drawing-rooms are still too old-fashioned to admit of the full facts being detailed within their walls.

* *

The efforts of the promoters of the last Albert Hall ball to bar any costumes that were incompatible with the distinguished patronage under which it took place were completely successful, and their considerable social influence was sufficient to secure the desired end without giving instructions to the door-keepers that representations of a number of classical pictures would not be allowed.

* *

The official attitude caused keen disappointment to a number of people who had heard that a scantily clad Venus of a famous picture was the subject which one well-known lady had originally chosen as the copy for her costume.

* *

We have given fresh proof of our national preference for deeds over words in the receptions accorded respectively to M. Anatole France, and Carpentier.

* *

While a by no means representative body of English men of letters did their best to show their appreciation of the genius of the famous novelist, there was a painful feeling prevalent that not one in ten of those present understood a word of the witty and brilliant speeches with which they were regaled.

* *

The height of absurdity was reached when M. Anatole France was invited to address an audience in Suffolk Street in which was a sprinkling of members of the Labour Party, and their obvious attempts to look wise, and their equally obvious lack of comprehension of what it was all about, must have reminded the speaker irresistibly of his own penguins, in the book in which he thus satirized the human race.

* * *

The wisest thing Mr. Larkin did during his Fiery Cross campaign was to refuse altogether to have anything to do with the smart hostesses who tried to draw him into their nets, and exhibit him at various functions as a tame lion.

* * *

The long-continued indisposition of the heir to a duke-dom, which fortunately does not prevent him pursuing his favourite hobby, is causing almost as much curiosity as sympathy.

The ducal David, who, prompted by great-uncle Henry, stood up so valiantly to Goliath George in the matter of Scottish deer forests, has gone off yachting to the West Indies, leaving the dispute unsettled.

* * *

As neither David nor Goliath would have hesitated to press the matter right home if either of them had a chance of victory, there is considerable speculation as to the reason why such interesting negotiations have been allowed to fizzle out so prematurely.

* * *

Why is it that Englishmen, when they settle down at home, after a long sojourn in the East—especially India and China, expect all and sundry to kow-tow to them? Somehow they seem to lose all decent and neighbourly instincts, and if anything is not just so-so, begin to bluster and bully, and try and over-ride people, as no doubt they did the poor heathens unfortunate enough to come under their iron hand in the East. * *

One of these autocrats inflicted himself upon a little place where everybody was neighbourly. He, however, soon found fault with a business near his house, though nobody previously had made any complaint. Even if there had been just grounds for complaining, it is doubtful if any other person would have troubled in the matter, knowing that the owner of the business in question employed a good deal of local labour, but no such considerations ever trouble the gentleman who has lived in the East. All he thinks about is his own precious self. Vested interests, so to speak, and the general welfare of his neighbours, do not concern him—a new-comer.

* *

What is the real history about the recovered "La Gioconda" by Leonardo da Vinci? Was not this picture in England two months ago, and on view at a private house in Portman Square?

* *

We hear that a well-known theatrical manager of melodrama is in a bad way, as in addition to his unlucky ventures outside his legitimate business, two law cases are shortly to be brought into court which will not tend to encourage aspiring playwrights to submit their work to him in the future. * *

THE DIPLOMAT.

"Shay, Cou' you kin'ly 'blige me wi' a programme?"
"Certainly, sir, but the piece is nearly over."
"Thash all ri'. 'smerely to show my wifsh where I've been."

Genius knows no laws; the strange relationship between men of genius and their wives has always been a much-discussed subject. But few people know that one of our greatest of modern writers, who is apparently healthy in every way, takes a morbid but keen delight in encouraging his wife through the various stages of intoxication.

* * *

What is the name of the American vandal who stole poor Bunyan's nose from the statue in the burial grounds of Bunhill Fields? Hasn't he a nose of his own to talk through?

* * *

Is the engagement between the Titian-haired lady of Berkeley Square and her son's former college chum now "off," and did the fact that she had the misfortune to lose an essential part of her coiffure at the theatre the other evening have anything to do with it?

BENEFITING BERTIE.

Bertie submitted tamely, I thought, to my manipulations. He is usually rather a ticklish subject. My one or two pleasant comments fell decidedly flat.

"Absolutely down in the mouth," I reflected, whilst carefully removing down from the outer cuticle. "Now, what can have upset this young Fortunatus?"

To prompt observation came recollection. Only the last evening I had seen him in very charming company, and looking particularly charmed.

"So you *are* fond of her?" I said softly, standing back from him a full yard

"Fond is no name for it!" he murmured. Then he shot up, with a very red face.

"Perrier!" he rapped out. "What do you mean?"

"Our thoughts must have jumped together," I replied, blandly.

"People do tell me you read thoughts," said Bertie, still ruffled. "Don't you find it rather awkward for business sometimes?"

Bowing to the implied rebuke, I went on shaving.

"Perrier!" said Bertie. "How much or little you know about me is past my guessing; but I have heard that you can often give a straight tip."

"And so atone for the impertinence of my thought-reading?" I humbly suggested.

"Well," said Bertie with a forced laugh. "Suppose we go into it?"

"Suppose we go into my sanctum," I replied. 'We shall not be interrupted there."

In my study, accordingly, Bertie unfolded his woes.

"I have admitted," he began, "that I am hot on her."

"How hot? Up to marrying point?"

"Well, you see," flushing again, "my family ——"

"Ah! Well?"

"It happened last evening. I treated her to supper. She was amiability itself. I felt happier every moment. She led me on to talk of myself and my duties——"

"Ah!" Bertie occupies a very snug Government post.

"Yes," proceeded Bertie. "I was not quite *compos*, what with wine, and what with Cupid; and, to impress her, I'm afraid I——I——"

"Gassed?"

"That's it!"

"And then?"

A third flush.

"She suddenly begged me to excuse her, as it was late and she was very tired; and wished me a cool good-night."

"Strange!" I murmured strangling a smile.

"You see how I am fixed?"

"Yes. By-the-bye, who is the girl?"

"Violetta a dancer at the Vaudeville."

"Ah, yes; I've seen her. Not English I should think."

"Not very. Mother Italian; grandfather Spanish."

"An interesting mixture! Then the case is this: you have let out secrets, and are not sure about *her*?"

"Yes."

"She could do you infinite harm?"

"Apparently."

"And apparently she owes you little good?"

Silence.

"I don't like to advise you," I said at length, "until I've interviewed the girl. Where may I have that pleasure?"

* * *

It was as a foreigner I preferred to meet Miss Violetta—as a well-dressed German, to be precise, with the merest ghost of an accent.

I had styled her an "interesting mixture"; and I also found her a most ravishing compound. The Spanish predominated. Never have I seen a more exquisite brunette complexion, more luscious red lips, more sovereign masses of blue-black hair, more mystical Egyptian eyes. Had she also a tinge of the Moorish? She was attired in the Spanish taste.

I found her in a small flat at Brixton, with an elderly lady, wiry and yellow, who was busy with some bewildering fancy-work

"You are Miss Violetta, at present at the Vaudeville?"

"Yes, sir; and your business——?" responded her low, bell-like contralto.

"May I speak with you a few moments in private?"

"This is my mother!" she said proudly.

"I would not incommode madame, or yourself, on any account," I returned suavely; "but if I may, I will express the more difficult details of my business in writing."

Miss Violetta nodded. "That is a fair compromise," she said, graciously

Taking out a note-book, I rapidly wrote the question: "You are acquainted, I believe with Mr. Bertie Alphasine, clerk at the Foreign Office?"

"That is so," she replied soberly, returning the book to me, if I am not mistaken, with deepened colour.

"Last evening," I proceeded, in writing, "you gave him the honour of entertaining you at supper?"

The flush deepened. "And what have you to say about it?" Then, turning to her mother, she added: "Madre mia, would you leave us for a few minutes? It will be less difficult for the signor."

Smilingly the elderly lady arose, and quitted the room.

"I thank you, Miss Violetta, for your consideration," I said, after the door was closed. "Last evening's affair interests me in a political sense. Mr. Alphasine confided to you some private matters of the gravest concern to a foreign Power. The conversation was overheard by an agent of that Power"

The young lady paled to the lips.

"But——but——how could that be? There was no one else in the room"

I shrugged. "No; but walls have ears, and waiters are not too well paid."

She was obviously shocked. I judged that, although she may have been justly wroth with Bertie, she was incapable of deliberate treachery

Now came the most thankless part of my self-imposed task

"But," I proceeded "although the conversation was overheard, there are two or three gaps where material words were inaudible. These gaps it may be in your power to fill?"

"And if it is?" she asked, her colour returning.

"The Power interested would be very grateful for the missing links and would treat with you for them at a high price."

"And are you the agent of that Power?"

"No." I answered; "but if you are willing, I can put you in safe communication."

She looked at me very searchingly.

"And the consequences to Mr. Alphasine?"

"For the present," I said, "he would be shielded."

"But if he could not be shielded."

"Ah!" and I shrugged expressively. "England is not tender to traitors. And have *you* cause to be tender?"

"That is my own affair," was the haughty response. "But if I wished to be treated with, as you put it, how should I make my wish known?"

"By advertisement in the ——." Here I rapidly drafted an advertisement on a leaf of my note-book, which I tore out and handed to her.

* * *

I had read resolve in her eyes. Jumping into a taxi-cab, I made all possible haste, saw Bertie at his headquarters, gave him my opinion of Miss Violetta, and my candid advice thereon. When I left the Foreign Office, I was pleased to observe another taxi dash up, from which a veiled young lady made hasty descent.

* * *

"Well, and how did it end?" I asked Bertie.

"Ripping!" he replied, shaking my hand many times. "I had upset myself all for nothing. Violetta was as innocent as a child. She came, as you foretold, to warn me that our conversation had been overheard, and to beg me to take precautions"

"Well, and what precautions have you taken?"

"The one you suggested——the best of all. I have asked her to be my wife!"

"Bravo!" I said.

George Frankland.

It isn't necessary for a man to have money to burn in order to keep the pot boiling.

* * *

At some period in a man's life there is one woman he is trying to get, and another he is trying to get away from.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Madge: You seem annoyed about something. Did you forget you were standing under the mistletoe?

Marjorie: No; but Charlie did.

* * *

ROYAL GEORGE.

"Did you have a merry Christmas?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Willie. "They had to send for the doctor."

* * *

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

"Aren't you the boy who was here a week ago, looking for a position?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?"

"Yes, sir; that's why I'm here now."

* * *

SHORTENING HIS MISERY.

"Do you believe in long engagements?"

"Of course. The longer a man is engaged, the less time he has to be married!"

* * *

A certain Member of Parliament was just returning home after a week or two's campaigning for a colleague. As he stepped off the train, his little daughter rushed forward to meet him. "Well, well!" he exclaimed, "if it isn't my little Alberta!" Then he added mechanically, "And how is your dear old father?"

* * *

WHAT HE WANTED.

Salesman: "Do you want a narrow man's comb?"

Customer (gravely): "No; I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

NOT HIS FAULT.

Seedy Boarder: "Haw! You—haw—may not believe it, don't you know, Polly, but I was born with a—haw—silvah spoon in my mouth."

Polly: "Well, fancy! An' me an' mother thought you spoke like that on purpose."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

AN IMITATION HERO.

Violet McSlab: I hate ter black yer eye, Chimmie; but if yer going to keep company wit' *me*, yer must look like a football hero, even if yer ain't one!—*Puck.*

"What, giving up already, my boy?" said a gentleman to a youthful angler. "You must bring a little more patience with you another time."

"I brought enough patience with me, mister, but I didn't bring enough worms!"

* * *

A LA MODE.

"What's that curious-looking charm you are wearing on your watch-chain?"

"That's our new coat of arms—chauffeur rampant, policeman couchant, and justice of the peace expectant.

* * *

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

Tommy came home from school very morose. "Well, my son," observd his father, cheerfully, "how did you get on to-day?" Tommy had been whipped and kept in.

"It was because you told me the wrong answer," he added. "Last night I asked you how much was a million dollars and you said it 'was a hell of a lot.' That isn't the right answer."—*California Outlook.*

* * *

VERY UNFORTUNATE.

Young Henderson, who has graduated in medicine, is very fond of giving wise opinions on all matters.

One day, while calling on an elderly woman, she remarked:

"One of the greatest sorrows in my life is that I have never had any children."

"Ah!" said Henderson. "Perhaps it was—ah—hereditary. Did your mother have any children?"—*Sunday Magazine.*

* * *

First Negro: Say, what mean dis heah word "nucleus"?

Second Negro: Sumpin' what odder things gether 'bout.

First Negro: Uh-huh! Den I was one las' week when I upshot a beehive in de dahk.—*Baltimore Sun.*

* * *

HOW IT LOOKED.

Count Spaghetti: I have come to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage. I love her.

Mr. Commonstock: But what makes you think *I* don't?—*Puck.*

* * *

HONOURS EVEN.

Hermione: You are the first man I ever permitted to kiss me.

Herbert: And you are the first girl I ever kissed. Will you marry me?

Hermione: I wouldn't marry a liar!

Herbert: I would.—*Judge.*

* * *

"In the old days doctors used to bleed patients for most of the diseases."

"They still do it, my boy; they still do it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

A "Don't Speak Club" has just been formed at Moscow, and large fines are inflicted upon members who make the slightest noise. This rule of silence is even extended to the luncheon room. German clubs, please copy. Large fortunes should be made in fines during the soup-eating part of the meal.

* * *

When will the L.C.C. take steps to enforce the removal of some of London's really vulgar and indecent advertising signs? For instance, those four unblushing male animals in pants that can be seen at the corner of Tottenham Court Road?

* * *

Prof. Doolittle, the Astronomical Director at Philadelphia University, stated at a lecture that, owing to the cooling of the earth, human life would become extinct within five million years. "What!" shrieked one of the audience, "how long did you say?" "Five million years," was the reply. "Thank God," was the heartfelt sigh of his questioner, as he wiped his forehead. "I though you said *four* millions!"

* *

What on earth is Mr. Roger Fry doing at the Omega workshops in Fitzroy Square? Does he think that sugar-cane furniture such as a boy of eight could knock together is the highest expression of artistic feeling; and does he imagine that the public will accept those screens smeared as with a baby's jammy hand, as works of decorative art?

* *

What connection, if any, is there between Larkinism, L'Anarchisme, and Lanark?

* *

The chorus-girl's motto for the boards: "Get on to get off."

* *

"Won't you sit down, Miss Twicet?"
"After you, your Lordship."

G. B. Shaw is one of ourselves after all. At the meeting of the Fabian Society to greet M. Anatole France, the guest of the evening impulsively kissed Mr. Shaw, who, according to the *Daily Citizen*, "blushed like a schoolgirl." We should like to know, however, why Mr. Keir Hardie, who was present, was not also favoured with the affectionate but embarrassing embrace?

* * *

The wife of a peer who has recently had the honour of receiving Queen Amelie at a charitable function makes but few appearances in the most distinguished circles, and she has certainly paid a price more than sufficient for the mistaken zeal with which she once helped her husband to a journalistic scoop.

* * *

Queen Amelie's abounding graciousness is rather embarrassing to some of her neighbours in King's Road, Richmond, and their knowledge of the finer shades of etiquette is sadly at fault when Her Majesty stops them in the street and enquires after the welfare of their families.

* * *

The *Evening News* heads an attack upon the Government, "The 'Steam' Drifters." Quite appropriate, too. We have always understood that steam drifters spoiled the fishing for other people.

* * *

If Lord Lonsdale read the *Daily Mail's* account of the Wells-Carpentier fight, in which he was styled "the venerable" peer, and if the unctuous flattery with which his presence among the pugilists was described as "touching all hearts," in any way consoled him for the use of that wholly undeserved epithet?

* * *

Another daily pathetically refers to the "sad story of British boxing," and asks whether we "can retrieve our lost prestige?" The answer is in the affirmative. There is a captain in the Army, the son of a Surrey rector, who maintains the best traditions of British boxing, and could beat any opponent brought against him. But he is an amateur, and does not care to enter the professional ranks of pugilism.

* *

Mrs. Gavin (not Garvin as stated in the dailies), the first Earl of Harrowby's great-great-daughter, who is understudying Miss Jean Aylwyn in "Who's the Lady," is the very attractive and vivacious lady who some months ago brought an action against the executive of the Chertsey Golf Club, and got £5 damages, and costs on the High Court scale. She is keen at golf, being an international lady golfer, and has also a liking for aviation. Mrs. Gavin is the wife of Mr. William Gavin, and well-known at Henley-on-Thames.

* *

Apparently the air of Oxford does not make for the health of the Heir-Apparent. There is talk of her Majesty "calling him over the coals"—those denominated "nuts." His frequent dashes to town on pleasure bent form one point to be discussed.

* * *

If the constant visits which are paid by the two younger children of the Prime Minister to Mr. Lloyd George's family are not rendered all the more enjoyable by the contrast between the frankly bourgeois character of the Chancellor's household, and the cosmopolitan refinement of their own home?

* * *

If the only occasion on which a woman consents to play second fiddle is when she is performing in an orchestra?

* * *

"What was the happiest moment of your life?" asked the sweet girl.

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the old bachelor, "was when the jeweller took back an engagement ring and gave me sleeve links in exchange."

Why the Hon. Richard Norton is declaring so vehemently that "there is no truth in the report that he is engaged to Miss Maggie Jarvis"—the dainty little actress who is at present touring with Mr. George Edwardes's "Gipsy Love" Company?

* *

If the latter still persists that he *is*, and if Mr. Norton is trying to get out of it because Lord Grantley has threatened to disinherit him if he chooses a wife from the "profession"?

* *

If the French aviator who tried to pawn his aeroplane was surprised to find that it wouldn't "raise the wind"?

* *

If prison warders are about to form a trade union, and if convicts are looking forward to a "lock-out"?

* *

If Miss Ruth Mackay was surprised to find that, according to the *Daily Mirror*, she had made a "great success" in "Mr. Wu" at the Strand? * *

Why the electricity failed at a critical moment of Lady M——'s dinner the other evening? If the incident was caused by the deliberate cutting of one of the wires? If it was intended as a practical joke? And if the perpetrator has yet been discovered?

* *

The name of the very stout lady who lost a diamond brooch at a certain actress's "at home" the other Sunday afternoon, and if the fuss which she made about it was quite in the best of taste?

* *

If a further rise in champagne will cause real pain to a good many?

* *

If Miss Gladys Cooper, who plays the title rôle in "The Pursuit of Pamela," is in for a long run? * *

If the lady who made her appearance at a Paris theatre wearing vivid green hair was a grass widow?

* *

When the wealthy Hebrew gentleman, at present running a *ménage à deux* at Cricklewood, proposes to settle his little account of forty odd pounds owing to the Shaftesbury Avenue pharmacy, and what in the world he does with all the various drugs, etc., which he procures there?

* * *

The name of the long-haired melancholy-looking individual who haunts the Café Monico wearing a beauty spot on his left cheek?

* * *

If it is a fact that one of the "Sisters of Nazareth" has just eloped with a young hospital doctor?

* * *

If a young Spanish toreador with a remarkable voice has just been "discovered" by M. Jean de Reszke, and if he will create the "sensation" which the latter predicts?

* * *

If a certain retired English grocer has just purchased one of the Kaiser's smaller castles.

* * *

How much of its success "Who's the Lady" owes to the ridiculous fuss which certain dramatic critics made about its alleged "naughtiness" when it was first produced?

* * *

The name of the peer who imagines himself to be such an excellent judge of cattle, and if he really means "calves" *tout simple*?

* * *

How the prominent music-hall artiste enjoyed hearing himself criticised so unfavourably in the Finsbury Park tea-shop?

* * *

A certain lady writer states that "Ideas of one's own are like babies." It is certainly difficult to get them adopted.

* * *

If women who fish for compliments usually do so in shallow water?

* * *

The Newbury winner called Mind the Paint "came off" all right.

VEILED HINTS.

The Turkish veil is the craze, but what of the girls whose eyes are not their most beautiful feature? The above suggestions by our artist may help.

If the members of the new "Insect Exchange" at Berlin will be addicted to "fleasing" one another?

* * *

The nature of the quarrel between Lord Dangan and Miss Pearl Aufrere the actress, and how the former liked having his nose put out of joint by the parson's son?

* * *

The nature of the "costume parade" which a certain London firm has been organising "for men only," and if it is a fact that several lady journalists were refused admission?

* * *

If a certain reverend gentleman of North Kensington is on particularly intimate terms with one of his fair parishioners?

* * *

And if the lady in question confided to a friend that he was "simply splendid" at shampooing hair?

* * *

The names of the three "ladies" who have just been asked to resign from one of the night clubs?

* * *

If the gentleman who had the misfortune to step upon the lady's miniature pug at Selfridge's has yet recovered from the flow of vivid language with which she rewarded him?

If a certain clever actress, now playing the leading rôle in one of the West End theatres, will shortly be retiring for a while for purely family reasons, and if her manager is wondering how in the world he is to replace her?

* * *

The fact that hams will be dearer this Christmas will not lessen the supply of seasonable gammon.

The fact that so many people are passing the festive season in hotels is having no effect upon the sale of "Tom Smith's Christmas Crackers." At an hotel, in a mansion, or in a humble abode, it is all the same. You've got to have them. It wouldn't be Christmas without.

TABLOID TOPICS.

German dentists have gone on strike for recognition of their profession. They should be stopped.

* * *

"Actress plays cat," declares a placard. It is a habit not confined to actresses, unfortunately.

* * *

"Why women do it"—reads a contemporary placard. The conceited pretension to knowledge of some periodicals is disgusting.

* * *

Vegetarian plum pudding was on sale at the annual bazaar of the London Vegetarian Association. Another case of old customs falling into desuetude.

* * *

A farmer in New Jersey has succeeded in breeding a new type of pig with hoofs like those of a horse. We presume he is not interested in the local trotter trade.

* * *

A man has been choked by a hot chestnut. But be not afraid of pantomimes. In these the chestnuts call for heating rather than eating.

* * *

A French air-woman was pinned under her plane for 35 minutes. Needless to say, that when extricated her opinion was that she was but sew-sew.

* * *

"The Sex Magnetism" is a heading given by a contemporary to the eternal subject of the eternal feminine. It can be summed up in the word "Shopping."

* * *

An infuriated bull, which ran on to a railway at Northfleet, succeeded in bringing an express to a standstill. The driver must have been thoroughly cowed.

* * *

A Dudley chain-striker, named Ezra Perks, gets six weeks' hard for spending some of his wife's maternity money. Pure ignorance. He looked upon a certain portion as his Perks.

* * *

A lecturer at the Royal Dental Hospital told a story of a Cumberland farmer who cleaned his teeth only on a pound of steak. Apparently, then, any musical comedy star can become a little meatier if she chewses.

* * *

The bursting of a tar-boiler in Norfolk Street, Islington, set fire to the front of a house, and the inmates had to escape by the back door, we are told. Literally pitched out.

* * *

A Christmas instrumentalist, charged with snapping up a few trifles while carolling through a pipe, called himself a political piccolo player. Asked to explain, he said, "At Christmas time I waits and I seizes."

* * *

A young man charged at Tottenham with drunkenness pleaded that it was the first time he had tasted beer. A bitter experience which may teach him to select whisky on his next night out.

* * *

To be in the "quick-lunch" fashion you must consume Tango sandwiches. There is a twirl on the top and a twist on the bottom, and the centre is not the centre of gravity.

* * *

According to the *Sunday Chronicle*, the Louvre for the past two years has been in the room of Perugia, the house-painter, who stole "La Gioconda." We are considering the notion of moving the National Gallery to a corner of the editorial sanctum.

* * *

"Diggle opened the game in a sensational manner, for off his opponent's opening stroke he got a cannon and gathered in 49."—*Evening News* report. Diggle (loq): "Go on again, Stevenson, the marker and I intend winning this game!"

* * *

A boy, who was rescued unconscious from a river in Kentucky, complained that he had been disturbed in a beautiful dream of circuses and theatres, with grand musical accompaniments. Hard luck! Especially considering the probability that, left alone for another few minutes, he would have been himself blowing a trumpet.

Drury Lane's principal boy is said to be salaried at £150 a week. It doesn't look like a small sum, Douthitt?

* * *

At the Arabian Nights' Ball the Princess of Taxis and colleagues looked hansom as lilies—harem lilies.

* * *

A "stay-in" strike is advocated by Post Office extremists. We feel like that ourselves often these cold winter mornings.

* * *

A boy, named James T. Knight, has been charged at the Guildhall with stealing three magnetos. Undeniably another current issue.

* * *

"Toasting a Saint"—newspaper headline. We conjecture this alludes to the warm times of which Fox gives us graphic descriptions.

* * *

"Ellen Terry curtseys to Cupid." Not the first time she has bent the knee to the little god. However, better the shaft of Cupid than the barb of Cupidity.

* * *

A notice has been issued that telephone girls will not be permitted to receive Christmas boxes, and that any presents sent to the exchange must be returned. Could the authorities also persuade them to return a call occasionally?

* * *

A sunspot, 409,936,700 square miles in area, is reported to have been discovered by an astronomer at the Santa Clara College. We have to thank our lucky stars that the humble seaside freckle is less ambitious.

* * *

A Bond Street jeweller allows it to be known that he is in possession of a blue diamond worth £16,000. If the gem attracts the jemmy of the burglar he may look bluer than the stone.

* * *

A waiter, who was decorated by the King for distinguished bravery, was also "in his spare moments a stationer and a descriptive vocalist." Now we know what happens when we are kept waiting so long for our midday chop.

* * *

"Rain with fine intervals—that is the weather for the week-end as foreseen by *The Evening News'* expert. The kind of rain we prefer has big intervals, so that we can dodge the drops.

* * *

Apropos of the disappointing International Christmas box, we think that there should have been a few more seconds in the ring, despite newspaper opinion to the contrary.

* * *

"When is a cat not a cat?" asks a contemporary. We do not pause to muse over the matter, but we have strength enough to express a liking for the common or garden cat that is not.

* * *

We have met Futurist paintings, fashions and architecture, but now that Signor Marinetti has launched further perpetration on the civilised world in the shape of "histrionic poetry," we are unanimous in our decision that we are going from bad to verse.

* * *

At a meeting of hotel club and restaurant workers a serious charge was made against a North of England drapery firm, in that members of the staff were fined sixpence for leaving meat on their plates. And the meat was diseased. To make it fit for consumption in the future they should have it cured.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find it necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in MODERN LIFE are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their peril.

The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

A LADY-IN-WAITING.

There are things that money won't buy—because nobody will have them.

* * *

Love will push a man to matrimony, but it takes a lawyer to pull him out.

* * *

When we say that a man is a brick we do not necessarily mean that he is made of common clay.

A meek man looks like a standing invitation for others to sit down on him.

* * *

Perhaps joy cometh in the morning, but not to the chap who has made a night of it.

* * *

Where there's a will there's a way for the lawyers to give the heirs the short end of it.

IN STAGELAND.

Good fortune has come to the Savoy, with its new and beautifully simple re-decoration and upholstery. "The Grand Siegneur," in the person of the immaculate H. B. Irving, has brought a wave of prosperity to the hitherto rather unlucky Savoy, that finds no parallel since the palmy days of the original Gilbert and Sullivan productions.

* * *

"H. B." has become the most astonishing re-creation of his illustrious father—even to the long-sustained vowel at the end of a phrase—the slight divergence from perfection which marks the super-excellent elocutionist. The supporting caste, with one exception, comprise a miracle of efficiency in every way worthy of their leader. Miss Marie Lohr's noble study of the aristocrat, in agony before the animal ferocity of the revolutionary mob, is a factor for which we are grateful indeed. Miss Kate Cutler's impersonation of a Parisian artiste - cocotte, whose cold vulgarity of nature has thawed into a tense desire for refinement of feeling under the warm influence of the love of Gaston, Vicomte de St. Croix, is entirely admirable.

* *

A minor peculiarity is demonstrated by a small juvenile rôle. London never was so replete as it is today with really efficient juvenile artists, and I could at twelve hours' notice produce at least six child-actresses, who combine the attributes of physical beauty with an all but perfect elocution, so the young lady who plays "Annette" is indeed wonderfully fortunate to find herself in such a distinguished caste at so very early a phase of her theatrical development.

* *

There will be an unusually gorgeous feast of good things, theatrical, for the children and their friends during the season which commences this week. Drury Lane panto' will be last year's supreme and successful effort, revised and brought up to date, with the same principals, same title, and same indefatigable genius that has always enabled Mr. Arthur Collins to stand No. 1 on the brilliant list of Christmas productions. "Peter Pan" is with us again, with Pauline Chase (of course) in the title-rôle, and lovely Mary Glynne as the child-mother, Wendy, supported by a caste that will take us all to the Duke of York's again. Woe is us when Peter ceases to Pan. I, for one, swear never to miss a production, so long as there is one to see, and my health and environment permit. I believe little Miss Prudence Bourchier will make her debut here.

* * *

"The Shepherdess Without a Heart," for matinees only at the Globe, gives a promise of weirdly pretty entertainment, and will see the debut of Master Christopher St. Eve—a youngster who should make an early successful impression. Then there is Mr. Bernhardt's happy revival of "Alice in Wonderland," at the Comedy— a show which gives as solid a pleasure-value as the immortal "Peter Pan."

* * *

Mrs. Dearmer's Children's Theatre season, opened at the Court by Miss Ellen Terry on Saturday, will be going strong with two original plays, and at least one superb little artiste who will count. She is Marjorie Coulson, aetat 10, the "Faerie Herald" of the Children's Welfare Exhibition at Olympia. What a test for a child elocutionist to overcome successfully—the Olympia!

* * *

I am glad, however, that no children will enact rôles of importance in Sir Herbert Tree's "Joseph," specially revised for the children during the holiday period. The situations need strength of reverent handling, becoming a scriptural subject, and Sir Herbert understood the difficult art of blending reverence and entertainment before Reinhardt's "Miracle" took possession of our [illegible] for all too short a season.

* * *

During the past week the principal theatres have been playing to audiences crowded throughout to an unusual extent. This was largely due to the successful Cattle Show, with its attendant influx of well-to-do provincials and their families.

* *

On a second visit and confirmation of my own opinion, I emphatically refuse to deny, in the face of an overwhelming critical prejudice against G. B. Shaw, that "Great Catherine," at the Vaudeville, gave me intense pleasure. We are aware that Russian indignation runs high, but what do we owe Russia that we should refrain from [illegible] pooning her haughty press? We never spare ourselves! It is buffoonery —granted. But Shaw also is a buffoon, whose highly-paid intellectual antics we are justified in treasuring as a refreshing national asset, and even buffoonery is not merely tolerable, but positively acceptable, when handled with the artistic restraint exercised by Norman McKinnel, Edmond Breon and Miss Gertrude Kingston. So let us preserve our own opinions and go in the right spirit, not expecting a historical treatise on Shavian philosophical lines, and we shall enjoy ourselves largely. That may be promised, in spite of "the critics."

The Long One: "Yes, we've had some good times. I can't realise how we've managed to keep single all these years."

All those of us who are lucky know Neil [illegible] tremendously humorous golfing vicissitudes on the [illegible] toric course of Mackleswank—generally one-hole with anything from 10 to 30 feet in the way of an approach in the neighbourhood of the Strand, or thereabouts—but it is not many of us who have seen him work this admirable golf gag on a stage five feet by three, which he did, with complete success, before a distinguished little gathering at the Monico, Piccadilly Circus, recently, albeit at the imminent peril of a grand piano which eventually escaped scathless.

* * *

I wonder how it feels to keep a stage full of eminent actors and actresses waiting for an important entry for about three full minutes, what time one of London's principal productions is held up, pending the recovery of the best part of one's wardrobe, which has been snatched by the dresser for renovation. George Relph, Sir Herbert's ideal "Joseph," might be able to tell you.

W. R. C. R.

LA BELLE STUART.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 33.

The Elopement of La Belle Stuart, the only woman who ever defeated the Amours of King Charles II.

After the Restoration of the Stuarts, and their return from Paris, where they had been for years in exile, King Charles II. gave himself over to such a reign of pleasure as the English court had never before known. Mistress succeeded mistress, and the country was shocked at the utter want of restraint of the returned monarch. At the time this story begins Lady Castlemaine was the favourite. The only woman who had not been quite of the Castlemaine type was Nell Gwynne, but even "Sweet Nell" was something of a hoyden, and no stranger to the king's secrets when she took up with the "Merrie Monarch." Amidst all the corruption and license of the Restored Court, there one day occurred the extraordinary phenomenon of a return to simplicity and apparent purity.

It must have been a real "nine-days' wonder" in the society of that time, but it was real enough for a time, and wonderfully interesting. What happened was that one day, upon King Charles repairing to Lady Castlemaine's apartments, His Majesty was astonished to behold there the prettiest girl he had ever seen, from whose eyes and cheeks blazed a brilliance that fired the heart of the susceptible monarch as no other woman's charms had ever succeeded in doing. Frances Stuart, though herself related to King Charles in a remote fashion, was French to the tips of her fingers. Her father, Walter Stuart, a son of the third Lord Blantyre, had gone over to France many years prior to the exile of the Royal Family as a boy, and his lovely daughter had lived all her life in Paris, and had all the chicness and piquancy which are supposed to be the special characteristics of the "Gay Parisienne."

"The Prettiest Girl in the World."

Frances Stuart was, however, still a child, and full of childish gaiety. She appeared to have no conception of "love"—not, at any rate, in the sense in which the King understood it. King Louis XIV. had vainly striven to keep the Blantyre child in his own Court, but King Charles's mother, Queen Henrietta Maria (who said Frances was the "prettiest girl in the world"), refused to allow her to remain in France, now that the Stuarts were again upon the English throne, and so Frances was brought to London. No sooner did King Charles set eyes upon her than she ceased to be a simple maid-of-honour, and became the daily playmate of the King. And "playmate" she was destined to remain, for, to the credit of the lady be it said, such was her innocence that the King's infatuation never succeeded in getting him any further.

The Court of the King turned into a Nursery.

Frances Stuart at this eventful period was a lively young thing, full of childlike gaiety and mischief, without an idea of statecraft, fond of dolls, and never happier than when sprawling upon the carpet with a pack of cards, building houses, which fell as fast as they were erected, or sliding down the stairs and playing hide-and-seek in the palace corridors. Such amusements had become so obsolete in the Court that they were re-embarked upon at the bidding of "La Belle Stuart" (as she came to be known) with eager zest when the King himself set the example. As a child in the Court of the French King, Frances Stuart had learned to play at blind man's buff with the boy King, Louis XIV., and she saw no reason why her favourite diversion should not be played by King Charles in St. James's. Nor did King Charles! Indeed, he abandoned the amusements of the "grown-up" gave himself over completely to qualifying in hunt-the-slipper and similar games, and, for a time, the amazing spectacle was witnessed in England of the whole Court being turned into a nursery.

The mortification of my Lady Castlemaine was intense when she found her charms fail beside the silly romp from Paris, and very soon La Belle Stuart had been warned not to enter Lady Castlemaine's apartments again. Meanwhile, the child had wrought a wonderful change in the Court. Not, of course, that it could be conceived that Charles was so completely weaned from his usual pastimes as not to have designs upon the chastity of Frances, but for a time, at any rate, he was content to toy with her, play ball or hop-scotch or blind-man's buff, nurse her upon his knee, and kiss her pretty lips and eyes by the hour.

La Belle Stuart Romps with the King.

As the simplicity of childhood gave place to womanhood, La Belle Stuart dreamed of love and a husband. But, strange to say, though she could do what she liked with the King, she never seemed to want to be anything to him but a playmate. Time and time again the King offered her everything that her heart could desire, and as often she refused. He wanted to make her a countess, a marchioness—anything she liked! He covered her hands and hair with brilliants, but—he got no further! Blithely La Belle Stuart would push the King over on to the floor, then pull at his coat-tails and run away for him to chase her, so that her repulses could never offend him, while the ardour of his passion only grew day by day. The whole Court was convulsed with the merriment created by King Charles's courtship of La Belle Stuart—"the Mademoiselle," as she was known, so peculiarly French in taste was she.

King Charles determines to marry La Belle Stuart.

It need scarcely be said that King Charles was not alone in his devotion to La Belle Stuart. Anthony Hamilton, a great beau, was violently in love with her, and was only dissuaded from forcing an elopement upon her by the sage advice of De Grammont, who put before him the result of thus incurring the King's hatred. As for Francis Digby, younger son of the Earl of Bristol, he was so distracted at Frances Stuart's playful coldness that he went off to the war, and died in a sea-fight with the Dutch. The chagrin of the other ladies who had been honoured with the caresses of King Charles found its climax in a dramatic manner. The Count de Grammont, seeing that the King was umbraged at the backwardness of English courtiers in the ways of state, ordered a magnificent coach from Paris as a gift to His Majesty. When it arrived, there was keen competition for the honour of being seen in it in Hyde Park for the first time, and the King promised Lady Castlemaine she should have it. The Queen, however, was determined to have the first ride in the new calash, but when it made its first appearance in the Park it was no other than La Belle Stuart who occupied the seat of honour. From that time La Belle Stuart was admittedly the King's favourite, though, in matters of love, she remained a child, totally unresponsive to the King's entreaties. However, the Queen fell suddenly ill—so ill that extreme unction was administered, and it was then openly stated that it was His Majesty's intention to marry La Belle Stuart and make her his Queen.

The King bursts in upon Frances and the Duke of Richmond.

But the Queen recovered, and as by now La Belle

Stuart was sufficiently grown up to realise that she must have a position in the Court which would place her above the slanders of her rivals, she let it be known that she intended to be content with nothing less than a Duchess's coronet. The King at once offered to create her a Duchess! Nothing that La Belle Stuart wanted was left unprovided in the King's mad desire to possess her. But beneath all the silly girl's apparent hoydenism there remained a certain substratum of real commonsense. La Belle Stuart meant to be a Duchess, but one of the right sort, and she achieved her aim.

Amongst her admirers was none other than the Duke of Richmond. He was something of a sot, but otherwise a decent fellow enough, and—he was in love with Frances Stuart. To have openly declared his love in the presence of the Court would have been fatal, so he persuaded Frances Stuart to elope with him. But the King got wind of the plot. His Majesty would not believe his ears. Lady Castlemaine persisted that it was true. "Prove it to me," said the King, "but until you do I say it is a lie!" That very night Lady Castlemaine took the King to La Belle Stuart's apartment. Throwing wide open the door—there was the lady, closely folded in the arms of her Duke!

Frances Stuart Elopes with Richmond.

King Charles, full of jealousy that where he had so completely failed the numskull Richmond had succeeded, burst forth upon the hapless pair with a torrent of wrath. Cowed and ashamed, the Duke of Richmond slunk out of the apartment. Not so Frances Stuart, however. She roundly assailed His Majesty for thus intruding upon her privacy, and told him there and then his passion was hopeless. It was now King Charles who was cowed by a woman's indignation, and His Majesty left her to concert measures against the more fortunate Duke of Richmond. Then, a curious circumstance came quickly to La Belle Stuart's knowledge. The King was so determined to possess her, even at the expense of making her Queen of England, that he had asked Archbishop Sheldon if it were possible to divorce two people who were both consenting parties, and one of whom was incapable of bearing children! The Archbishop asked for time to consider; and immediately La Belle Stuart heard of this plan of the King's for possessing her, she made an assignation with her Duke by dark of night, by the Bear at London Bridge, and that very night escaped from St. James's, was rowed softly down the river, and fled into Surrey with Richmond. The next day they were married, and the King was apprised of the fact. Never was there a monarch so crestfallen as Charles II. when he heard that his little dove had flown!

Tragic end of the Reign of La Belle Stuart.

Charles's first action was to dismiss his old Chancellor, Hyde, who had had nothing to do with the elopement. But the King must vent his spite upon somebody! And when the King received a box, containing all the fine jewels he had showered upon La Belle Stuart, his anger was terrible. For a time no one dare approach His Majesty, and there is no doubt that if ever a monarch was "badly bitten" over a woman it was Charles II. Not that he didn't deserve it. But Charles swore that never again should La Belle Stuart show her face at Court, and, as for her dastardly husband, he should suffer every penalty the Sovereign could mete out to him. But Queen Henrietta was secretly delighted at this dramatic determination to the King's only real love affair. She sent the Duchess of Richmond an invitation to Court, and King Charles, when he once more set eyes upon her, was so overcome by his old passion that he forgave her all, re-installed her in the Court, and provided her with a house on the Bowling Green of Whitehall, with the husband he so much hated. Charles now made open love to Frances Stuart, and, having caused her husband to be packed off to Scotland as Governor, thought that at last he had won the one fight of his life.

The King was again mistaken, however. Some women *are* like that. The man who is most in love with them is the one who is scorned. The man who doesn't care is often the one who succeeds best. The dear things! But a terrible blow was to put an end to the love-affair of La Belle Stuart and King Charles. The Duchess accompanied Queen Henrietta to Calais to meet the Duchess of Orleans, and, in the following year, to Audley End, where she and the Queen went in disguise to enjoy the simple delights of a country fair, and were mobbed and robbed for their pains. The Duchess got small-pox, and was so terribly disfigured that her life as a Court beauty ended tragically. Her effigy, in wax, may be seen in Westminster Abbey to this day.

NEXT WEEK:

Napoleon the Great and Marie Walewska.

THE MAN WHO HAS MADE AMERICAN BRIDGE WORK FAMOUS IN LONDON.

Gerrard 4642. Gerrard 4642.

THE PROGRESS OF DENTAL SURGERY

DR. GOLDBERG (U.S.A.), the Dental authority whose **bridge work** has been such a success in London, attends at his Surgery, 435, Strand, W.C. (next door to Gatti's Restaurant), from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., is regarded as one of the leading experts on that important branch of Dentistry, **American Crown Bar and Bridge Work.** The days of the old-fashioned dentistry, like old-fashioned surgery, are over. It is the day of the **modern man,** the **dawn of a new Era** for those who from innumerable causes sometimes **constitutional,** lose their **teeth** and possess what is known as an imperfect mouth. By Dr. Goldberg's Painless System of Dentistry, and by his skilful manipulation of the mouth, he is able, as he has so frequently proved, to scientifically transform the mouth from cavities of pain and unsightliness to a thing of natural beauty. The extensive Practice he has built up in London, especially among Dramatic, Operatic and Vaudeville professions, clearly proves the masterful proficiency he has attained in this one of the most difficult branches of Dental surgery—Crown Bar and Bridge Work. Hitherto Dr. G.'s extensive practice has been attending members of the theatrical profession, to whom their appearance is so great a part of their livelihood, but in view of the number of consultations he has had from the **general public** he has decided to extend his practice to this branch. He is, moreover, prepared to accept

MODERATE AND INCLUSIVE FEES,

consistent with that proficiency which has always characterised his work, which will be within the reach of all those desirous of possessing a perfect **mouth** which is **essential** to **perfect health** and **physical beauty.** Consultation Daily between 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., at

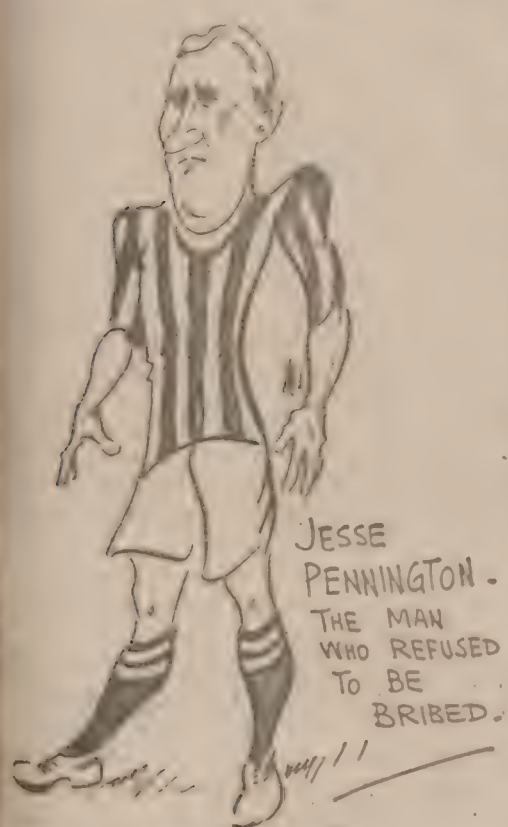
435, STRAND, W.C.

MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

The draw for the first round of the English Cup Competition is about the most eagerly-awaited event in Soccer football circles. It brings all the first-class playing organisations in the country into a common competition, in which the penalty of failure is oblivion, so far as the season is concerned, at any rate. The reward of success is much honour to the players concerned, and much wealth to the club's coffers.

WHAT IT MEANS TO WIN THE CUP.

To win the Cup a club has to play in the competition proper no fewer than six rounds. To go through the qualifying competition as well it would take a club from the opening weeks of the season until nearly its close, something like eight months of football. The connecting link between the amateur clubs playing in the qualifying competition and the actual war is but a slight one, but it can always be traced. Aston Villa last year were the survivors of hundreds of entries; who will win it this season?



THE CHANCES OF THE HOLDERS.

Sunderland are not quite so good as they were in the 1912 campaign. They miss Harry Low and Gladwin. Curiously both these players have had a cartilage removed from the knee. Low's was done a few seasons ago; Gladwin, the biggest man in the team, has only just undergone the operation, and is not expected to play again this season. Low's standing down is the result of temporary loss of form, which happens to every player in his turn. Sunderland will go a long way in the competition this year, they will be breaking a butterfly on the wheel in playing Chatham at Roker Park, but the Kent club will get a share in a big gate.

Aston Villa are a long way below the playing strength of last season, when they won the Cup and finished second to Sunderland in the League. The parting of Halse to Chelsea was not the only cause. There has been a slump in the form of several players, and Harry Hampton, England's centre forward, has not been at his best. Still, the Villa will figure amongst the last 32 clubs, for they can have no fears of their ability to beat Stoke at Villa Park.

THE BEST MATCH OF THE DRAW.

Perhaps the best match of the series is the clashing of Swindon and Manchester United at Swindon. The Southern League leaders are coming back to the form which gave them such a sequence of victories in the beginning of the season. The United, although not actually at the head of the table at present, have held that position for weeks this season, and are only waiting for slips by the leaders to regain the place. It will be a great match, and I fancy that the Swindon forwards, if they find their game, and suffer no stage fright, will win the match for the Southern League side.

Millwall and Chelsea, at Millwall, will draw all London. If Chelsea play like they did against Sunderland they will win, but that was their high-water mark of play, and Millwall are not hopeless. Newcastle United's luck still sticks to them and, drawn at home against Sheffield United, they are sure of a big gate, and have an even-money chance of figuring in the next round, which would not be the case if the match had to be played at Bramall Lane. Utley, late of Barnsley, will renew Cup-tie warfare with Newcastle. He was on the losing side a season or so ago.

Other good matches are Blackburn Rovers, the favourites, v. Middlesbrough, Sheffield Wednesday v. Notts County, Liverpool v. Barnsley, Manchester City v. Fulham and Queen's Park Rangers v. Bristol City. The Spurs should win at Leicester; Woolwich Arsenal may lose to Bradford City, at Valley Parade; but Clapton Orient should account for Nottingham Forest, at Homerton, and, for the first time in their history as a club, enter the second round. London Caledonians, the only amateur side, have to visit Huddersfield. One trembles to think what would have happened had the Calies drawn Aston Villa to Tufnell Park.

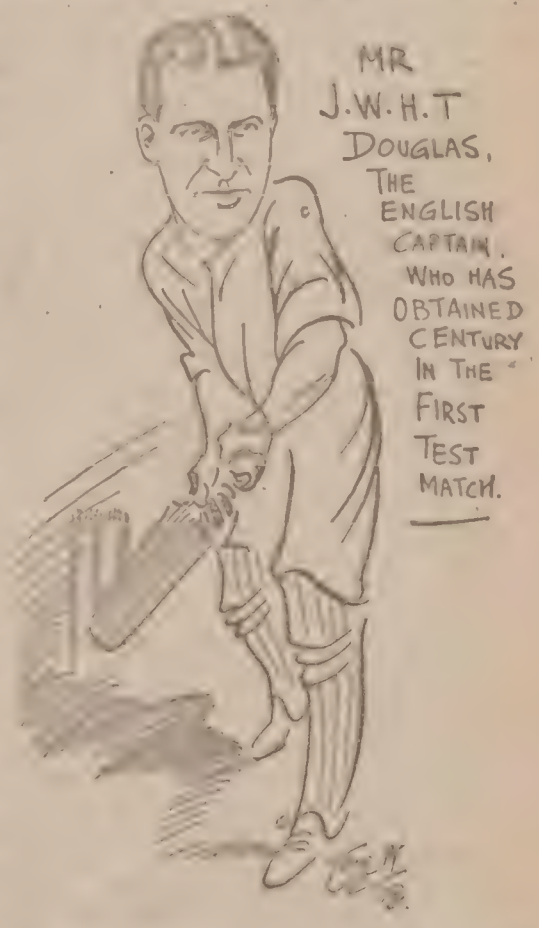
THE FINAL AT THE PALACE.

As expected, the Final tie will be played at the Crystal Palace. I wonder if the dirty linen washed in public between the F. A. and the Palace people was done to force the hands of old fogeydom into the necessity of spending money to get it. Failure to grasp this principle has been one of the secrets of the Palace's dwindling popularity.

DISGRACEFUL ATTACKS ON WELLS.

Have we lost our sportsmanship, our love of fair play, our chivalry towards the beaten man in merry England? The violent attacks on Bombardier Wells, particularly in the *Daily Sketch*, have brought about a tremendous revulsion of feeling, and Billy Wells, far from being the despised person that they would have him, has secured a measure of sympathy not far removed from his old popularity. His turning out to play in the Stage v. Professional Golfers' Match, at Fulham, was an action few among us would have been brave enough to perform. He had a painted eye, but played fine football, and by scoring four goals had a lot to do with the success of the Stage,—their first, by the way, in these annual charity matches. The crowd rose to him like one man, and sportsmen like J. H. Taylor, George Duncan, Robert Hale and Harry Welchman congratulated him warmly. Billy will have friends behind him in his next fight, and we all hope that his nerve will not paralyse him before the start when his chance comes. Wells, in boxing ability, can beat them all.

The page of pictures printed by the *Sketch*, depicting "things Wells can do," such as punching the bag, skipping, lawn tennis, as an actor, etc., in all about a dozen subjects, was cutting in its sarcasm, but absolutely un-English in its caddishness. And it was not correct; what purported to be Wells' swimming trudgeon stroke was a fairly good likeness of Jim Moloney. It certainly was not Wells. It is curious that Wells should have deputised for Carpentier, and got a great reception at the Palladium, when the French boxer broke his contract last week. And as showing how quickly the pendulum has swung back, Wells was cordially greeted.



MEN WHO COULD BEAT CARPENTIER.

Carpentier is not a world-beater yet; we have a dozen men in this country who could whip him, including Wells himself. At the moment, Bandsman Blake, the unbeaten Norfolk middleweight, is in the limelight, but I am not certain he is the best man to pit against the French boy. Ian Hague, if he would train, would smash him, and I am by no means certain that the greatly-improved bandsman, Rice, could not do it; but he, although born in

England, is of Italian parentage. Blake is a proper man, is quick and strong, but he has a lot of ringcraft to learn. As Dick Burge and Dan Sullivan have taken him in hand, he is not likely to suffer much for lack of first-class coaching. That is just what Wells has not had.

SOME BOXING SURPRISES.

"Champions knocked out on Mondays" might be a heading in a boxing paper. Bill Ladbury, the holder of the flyweight belt, was beaten by Jim Berry, of Newcastle, at the New Cross Baths last Monday. Berry was a few ounces overweight (8 st. 4 lbs.), so Ladbury claimed forfeit of £25, but boxed for the purse of £125, put up by the promoters, and was out-pointed and knocked out by Berry in the tenth round. If we cannot find the big white hope we have some grand boxers among the little men.

I did not see Ladbury's defeat, thinking that the meeting of Alec Lambert and Con Houghton at the National Sporting Club promised a better match. It was fine play, and Lambert, a disciple of the real old style of boxing, beat a stronger man by virtue of a fine straight left and superior ringcraft.

That Carpentier is to be tempted to England again, even if the £800 for a week offered by the Palladium was no draw, was made manifest when Dick Burge offered to put up £3,000 for him to meet Gunboat Smith at the Ring in a match, which would probably be termed for the championship of the world. Technically, Smith is champion; he beat Sam Langford, who claimed the title by virtue of Jack Johnson's forfeit at the National Sporting Club. Burge also offers Wells £250 for a match with Bandsman Blake. How are the mighty fallen! Carpentier is to box at Cardiff on December 27th, and has agreed to go to Australia under the auspices of Snowy Baker.

SIDNEY BARNES, WHO HAS NOW TAKEN 145 WICKETS IN TEST MATCH CRICKET - THIS IS A WORD'S RECORD. THE PREVIOUS BEST BEING HUGH TRUMBLE'S 141.

AN AMUSING BOXER.

America has sent us scores of boxers—good, bad and indifferent—but never a more amusing fellow than young Kid Broad, who for twenty rounds endeavoured to land one of his famous knock-outs on Private Harris, at the Ring. The top of Broad's head scarcely reached Harris's chin, and the soldier probably did more thinking during that hour's boxing than he has done for a long time. Broad entered the ring clad in trousers, coat and cap, and after he had undressed he calmly walked to an unoccupied corner, and went through a series of exercises, which lasted until after the bell had gone.

So far as boxing was concerned, there was only one in it, but Broad seemed so impervious to punishment that Harris began to get worried. Once even the Kid offered his unprotected head, and although Harris banged it hard with right and left, the American only turned round and winked at his seconds. In the States Broad is said to have won 41 of his 74 victories by the knock-out route, and although he was beaten on points by Harris, the result might have been different had the conditions been more equal in height and reach—to say nothing of weight.

THE FIRST TEST MATCH.

Congratulations to J. W. H. T. Douglas on scoring his first test match century, and incidentally putting England in an unassailable position against South Africa at Durban. Even finer than Douglas's century was that made by H. W. Taylor, the South African captain, who saved his side from utter collapse by scoring 109 out of the 173 from the bat. Sidney Barnes, with his five wickets for 57, broke Hugh Trumble's record of 141 in test matches; and incidentally made a certain critic, who had predicted that Barnes would be a failure on the matting wickets in South Africa, pretty sore. By the way, Barnes has done little with the bat so far, but this is all in England's favour. Barnes rather fancies himself as a batsman, and his bowling seems extra nasty after he has got a "duck."

The Chiel Amang Ye.

A KING AS CIGARETTE CONNOISSEUR.

No European Court has such strict etiquette as that of Spain. And yet few European Monarchs are of so natural and buoyant a disposition as H.M. King Alfonso XIII. There are many rules in the Palace. But when the pressure is removed we see King Alfonso smiling always, happy wherever he goes, and downright popular in this country. King Alfonso has often been seen shopping in London. He likes shopping. The King changes to a keen, critical buyer. Even Kings, when they are in this critical mood, like good value for money. A King with practically limitless command of that with which purchases are made will have the best in the market. But a King does not like, just because he is a Royal personage, to be "bled." He, of all men, knows the worth of a sovereign. And he wants quality and value to correspond with that worth. A case in point is King Alfonso as a cigarette buyer. One might think he would be content with what other Kings smoke. So he is. One might surmise that his cordial acquaintance with officers holding high rank in the Armies and Navies of the world, including the British, would lead him to adopt their choice in cigarettes. So it does. But he approves the cigarette himself. He is not content with following the best available test until he has found that it coincides with his own. Thus it comes about that, after full trial, King Alfonso has ratified the choice of all the best cigarette smokers, and also his own, by appointing a firm to supply him with cigarettes. The Royal Warrant of Appointment has been issued in favour of "De Reszke" cigarettes. Strange though it may seem, the "De Reszke" is by no means the highest-priced cigarette. There are many offered by other manufacturers at twice and three times the price. Yet "De Reszke" cigarettes were chosen as the best in the market.

START THE NEW YEAR
WITH
£208
A YEAR FOR
LIFE.

£4 a week for life is what we are offering in connection with our Fifth Football Competition. On the back page of this issue is one of our fifth football competition coupons containing a list of twenty matches to be played on Saturday, Jan. 3rd, 1914. One of these correctly filled in will carry off our "**£4 a week for life**" prize. In addition, we offer 10s. a week for twelve months to the nearest correct, and 5s. a week for twelve months to the newsagent whose name and address appear on the coupon which is successful in securing our first prize.

This coupon will also appear in our issue of January 3rd, 1914.

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

CLOSING DATE:—
(First Post) FRIDAY, JAN. 2nd.

Further particulars on back page.

NOW ON SALE.

Grand Xmas Number BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER

PRICE 2d. ONLY.

The Charming Patterns illustrated above given away in each Copy.

GRAND CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

On sale at all newsagents.

Bowerman's Dressmaker is the most attractive fashion paper published each month. The Dressmaking lesson makes it simple for the Amateur to make her own clothes. All the designs are of the latest fashion for winter, and simple to make up. **Price 2d.**, of all newsagents or Bookstalls, or direct for three penny stamps, from

The Publishers, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

All markets are still very much off colour. "Nothing doing" is the reply to all enquiries.

* * *

I trust my readers have not been tempted to apply for shares in the Great Omnibus Service, Limited.

* * *

This Company made an appeal to the public last summer, and it proved a fiasco. This was not surprising in view of the details in regard to the company. The prospectus now issued is one to be avoided.

* * *

I have received numerous enquiries from readers for full particulars of The Schulter Coal Company.

* * *

The Stockbroker of December 6, says: As to coal undertakings in the State of Oklahoma, U.S.A., we cannot draw attention to a more promising one than the Schulter Coal Mining and Coke Company locally incorporated.

* * *

Headed by the Schulter Mine, the property of the Schulter Coal Mining and Coke Company, over thirty mines are already actively operating in the district.

* * *

The Schulter Mine is the best equipped of all, and is famous for the splendid quality of its bituminous coal, and its large output, which, it is calculated, will reach a hundred thousand tons a year immediately the improvements in mine equipment, etc., reach completion.

* * *

On the basis of the production stated above, the total recoverable coal tonnage amounts to 6,000,000 tons, which it will take sixty years to exhaust.

* * *

The company's coal operations alone imply a net aggregate profit of over one million pounds, yet the Company is capitalised at a bare £20,000. The prospects for stockholders in the Company are therefore undeniably bright. Interested should send me a postcard for full particulars.

* * *

National Steam Cars have been subjected to a bear raid on the disappointing report, but last week's satisfactory traffic return caused a sharp rally. A sensible working arrangement with the General will quickly bring about a sharp appreciation in the price of these shares.

* * *

Mexican Rails still wear a very unhappy look and no permanent improvement can be looked for here until President Huerta clears out.

* * *

Two important modifications have been made in the Chartered Company's proposed land scheme.

* * *

The Legislative Council will appoint a land board, whose work will not be limited to any particular land provided that the Chartered Company's financial arrangements are limited to a 25-mile zone. Chartereds should be worth buying at anything under £1.

* * *

In the presence of several representatives of Foreign Admiralties, mercantile shipping firms, and the press, the Torpedo Submarine Ship Cleaning Co., of Cecil Chambers, Strand, gave a public demonstration at the West India Docks of their ship-cleaning process.

* * *

The invention is the work of a gentleman in Victoria, Australia, and has already met with considerable success.

* * *

It reduces the cost of the necessary work of cleaning the sides and keel of ships, and the time occupied in the process is very much lessened as compared with the old system of dry docking and scraping, as the whole labour can be performed while the ship is in the water.

* * *

During the time this is being done, the work of unloading or loading a cargo can go on without intermission. The public issue of the Company will take place in the New Year.

* * *

Interest in the Coconut and Copra industries appears to be broadening out, and this process should be facilitated by the new illustrated book, "All About Coconuts," which Messrs Roland Belfort, Editor of *The Financist*, and Alfred Hoyer, are about to publish. Their aim is to furnish such essential and up-to-date facts, figures, estimates, etc., as will enable the public to realise the present position and prospects of these prosperous and profitable industries, especially from the investment standpoint.

* * *

GILT-EDGED INVESTMENTS.

My selection for this week amongst the gilt-edged securities is as follows:—

London and North Western Railway 4 per cent. Guar. Stock at 100 yields £4 per cent.

Victoria Government 42 Loan at 97½ yields £4 2s. 4d. per cent.

Port of London 3½ per cent. Stock at 84 yields £4 4s. per cent.

Great Northern Railway 4 per cent. Pref Stock at 96 yields £4 4s. 6d. per cent.

All the above are excellent securities and show good yields.

* * *

I shall be pleased to forward the name and address of a member of the London Stock Exchange to any reader wishing to buy or sell shares.

* * *

As space does not permit for

BRIEF REPLIES.

this week I am replying to all applicants by post.

The Financial Editor will be pleased to answer any enquiry by post on receipt of P.O. for Sixpence, or by wire, One Shilling.

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CURIOUS QUERIES.

(*With acknowledgments to an esteemed contemporary*).

[In answering questions, we try to be as accurate as necessary, but the editor of *Skit-Bits* assumes no responsibility for the facts here stated. When acting upon advice and answers in these columns, our readers must do so at their own risk.].

Bashful is on the horns of a difficulty; he is in love with three girls at the same time, and he asks our advice. You must be patient, "Bashful," and wait, for if you do the wrong thing it might lead to complications. Good luck to you!

Wifey (Hoxton).—1. Your husband is mistaken. There is no reason to believe that it is unlucky to sing "ragtime" before breakfast. Be merry, and sing morning, noon and night, and charm away your husband's sour look. 2. We are surprised at you; you have evidently given the child too much food. You don't appear to understand that a child's stomach is not much larger than a turkey's gullet.

Terror.—You must have been most thoughtless to have brought about such a state of affairs. See our answer to "Bashful."

Excelsior.—Your friend is wrong and you are right. Mount Everest was 29,002 feet high the last time it was measured. Perhaps, however, the top has been worn off since then, and therefore your friend may be right, and you, on the other hand, may possibly be wrong.

M. A. (Oxon), says that he has often been surprised at the amount of curious information that we give our readers. He wonders if we know of an instance of a man saving his life by standing upon his head. Yes, we do. Some Chinese pirates boarded a vessel and killed everyone in sight, but the Englishmen, as a last hope, stood upon their heads, and gracefully swayed their legs over in the direction of their assailants. The pirates were so impressed at this delicate mark of respect that the white men's lives were spared. No. Next Leap Year is 1916.

Distracted.—You have been foolish, almost to the point of criminality. We have almost lost all patience with you. See our answer to "Terror."

Quizz.—Captain Barclay's performing widgeons last appeared at Astley's Circus in 1875. Perhaps you are confusing these with Captain Bartlett's performing tapeworms that can now be seen at the "Skippodrome," in their wonderful feat, the "Tape-worm Tango."

Rarebit (Ffilnewdd).—No. Wales is not in England. We live in England. Wales has only been discovered some twelve years. It is called "Gallant" or "Callant" because of the men it produces. Next Leap Year is *not* next year.

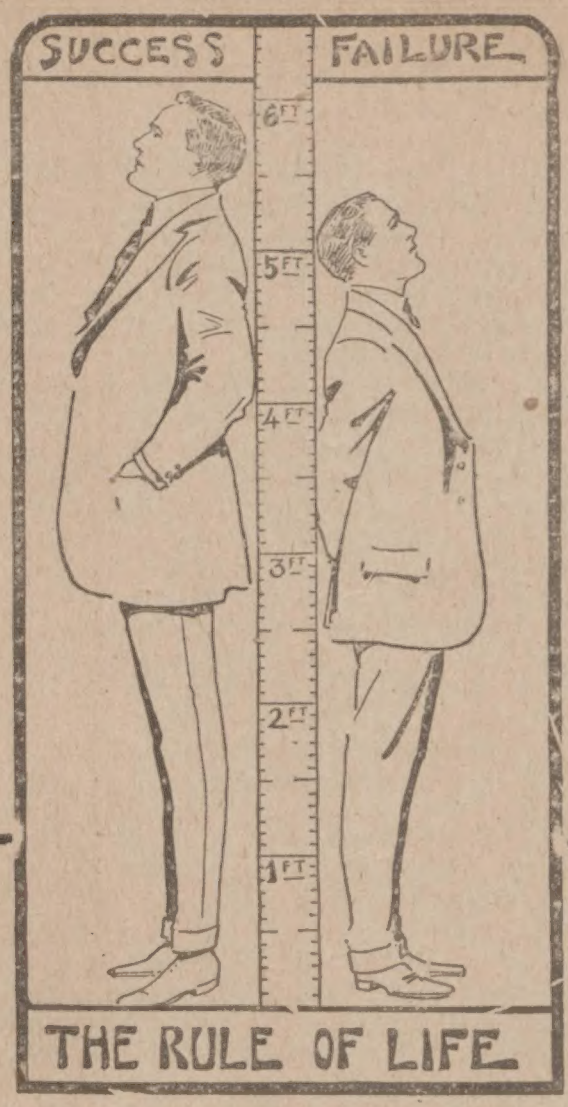
X. Y. Z. (Hanwell).—It is estimated that the ocean contains 256,971 million billion pints of water, or about eight times the number of gallons that are found there, so that you are wrong and your friend is right. Still, as some of this water is continually freezing (at N. and S. Poles) and some melting (Equator), whilst rain is always falling (here) and water is constantly being drawn up by the sun (evaporation), your friend may probably be wrong, and vice versâ.

Funny Day.—The joke you send us is very humorous, but we really could not publish it, as we should certainly shock some of our readers. However, let us hear from you again soon. Quite so; a child's stomach is no larger than a young turkey's œsophagus (stomach).

Miss Simper.—We could almost smack you. See our answer to "Bashful." Yours is a very delicate case, as in addition to following our advice, you will have to reverse the sexes in each case. No! No! No! Next year is not next Leap Year, which commences January 1st, 1916.

Constant Reader.—Phew! ——. Kindly look up answers to "Distracted," "Terror," and "Bashful," also "Miss Simper" (reversing sexes). No!!! Leap Year commences January 1st, 1916 (which is *not* next year), which is next Leap Year, 1916. . . . . It is computed that the stomach of a young rhinocerous is no longer larger than a young turkey's . . . . . Yah!!

[The Editor of this column, we are sorry to say, has just been removed with a serious headache. We deeply regret that the remainder of replies must be held over until another editor can be found willing to fill his position.—Editor of *Skit-Bits.*]



It does not seem fair that a short man should have fewer opportunities of succeeding than a tall man, but it is a fact.

There are many things in life that do not seem fair. It is useless for us to grumble about them. What we have to do is to remedy matters as far as we can.

If a man sits down and grumbles because he is short, he is wasting time. What he ought to do is to increase his height.

This **can** be done by my system. The testimonials I am constantly receiving from my students prove it.

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

Lance-cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes: "Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable, and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the army some time, and a considerable time having elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2¼ inches."

Such testimony counts for more than any general assertions that I could make. The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers. Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height,

Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, LONDON, N.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

Since those connected with The Tetrarch consider it best to keep their own counsel as to the colt's well-being or otherwise, it is interesting to note that other good two-year-olds are making satisfactory progress. Even though The Tetrarch was, literally speaking, streets in front of those of his generation during the past campaign, it does not necessarily follow that the son of Roi Herode-Vahren will also be the champion three-year-old. A lot may happen between the end of a horse's first year of racing, and the time when he is due to compete for classic honours, and although everyone who loves a good performer hopes that the smashing grey will turn out to be another Ormonde, there is no unravelling the future.

Many people are under the impression, and rightly so I think, that in addition to The Tetrarch, the pick of the past season's juveniles were rather above the average. There is no doubt that the classic performers of the past two years, with the exception of Tracery and the unlucky Craganour, have been a very moderate lot, and it is high time that we had an improvement in quality. Should The Tetrarch not winter well, youngsters like Kennymore, Corcyra, Parhelion, Courageous and By George! judging by recent reports concerning their progress, can be relied upon to make top-notchers next year.

Kennymore, in particular, greatly impressed me last back-end when in the Dewhurst Plate at Newmarket the Manton colt beat Corcyra, from whom he was receiving 10lbs. Unless I am greatly mistaken, Kennymore would have won on that day at level weights, and as he was then practically "green," his possibilities are great, as Corcyra had previously shown himself to be very smart indeed.

There has been little of more than passing interest in the Steeplechasing world during the past few days, albeit the sport at Hurst Park was of a very entertaining character. The few weeks before Christmas usually provide moderate racing, but backers have had little cause for complaint. Big money has been conspicuous by its absence, but the small man has had a goodly share of success, which has been extremely gratifying to him after the disastrous flat racing year.

It is generally a sound policy to follow winning form over the sticks, and this principle has been fully demonstrated during the past few days. Instances like those of Grey Coronet and Glen Victor, both of whom scored their third successive victory when finishing first at Plumpton, and Bunch o' Keys, who won for the fifth time in seven attempts, by taking the Sussex Hurdle at the same meeting. Again, on the following day at Derby, Denmark, General Picton, Amercham, Finnigan, and General Fox, five of the winners, had recent successes to their credit.

Despite their Carpentier in boxing, it is but seldom that French sportsmen hit the English bookmakers badly. They certainly made a good deal when Lutteur III. won the Grand National in 1909. This smart Steeplechaser has been unsound for a year or so, but the other day he won a race at Auteuil in quite his best style, and it would not be surprising if M. James Hennessy's horse made another bold bid for the Blue Riband of our Steeplechasing year.

The "regulars" will be able to take a holiday next week, as apart from the Folkestone fixture on Monday, there is no racing until Boxing Day, when the Kempton Park and Wolverhampton Meetings commence.

At Folkestone Limerock should win the Dover Handicap Hurdle, Maid Marian the Ramsgate Handicap Steeplechase, and Grive the Novices' Steeplechase.

Kempton Park will provide attractive sport on Friday and Saturday On the opening day, when there is certain to be a big crowd of holiday-makers, Prince San may win the Christmas Handicap Hurdle, Pleasure Garden the Hampton Steeplechase Handicap, and Flaxseed the Oatlands Selling Steeplechase. Ilston should take the Sunbury Steeplechase Handicap on Saturday, Abbott's Choice the Shepperton Handicap Steeplechase, and Silver Mountain the Mortlake Three-Year-Old Handicap Hurdle.

On Boxing Day at Wolverhampton, Limerock may win the Wolverhampton Hurdle Handicap, Shanawan the Shrewsbury Handicap Steeplechase, and Heather Lad the Shifnal Selling Steeplechase. The Christmas Handicap Steeplechase on the concluding day may fall to Orangeville, the Stayers' Selling Steeplechase to Patriotic, and the Himley Handicap Hurdle to Bit o' Rye.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

I fear I look somewhat like harping upon the shepherd's plaid pattern, but I cannot keep from still another allusion to it. I saw in Brighton, a few days ago, in fact last Sunday, an elderly *distingué* man wearing a frock coat suit of shepherd's plaid in moderate check of subdued tone.

* * *

Until then, I would have said there were only two colours for a frock coat, black and grey, but certainly this novel and daring departure from the conventional was distinctly pleasing and effective.

* * *

It may have been the wearer; he was tall and shapely, with rippling iron-grey hair, of courtly deportment, and wore a grey topper of the Georgian-period shape; in fact, a general tone of the Iron Duke *redivivus*.

* * *

I am sorry I did not observe what tie he wore. I cannot for the life of me imagine what shape, colour or material in tie would go with this *ensemble*.

* * *

N.B.—This style is not recommended to Bert Jones, with five foot-six, thirty-four chest, and the cigarette habit.

* * *

Most Britons pride themselves upon their devotion to the Ten Commandments, and the cold tub, and now, I am told, by a Harley Street physician, as the *Daily Mail* would put it, that the cold tub is an exploded theory. My man neither lives nor lodges in Harley Street, but that is only a detail—he is a doctor.

* * *

The usual thing in winter is a cold morning, a cold bathroom, a cold bath and hasty plunge, a good towelling, a delightful reaction, and a general feeling of virtue and cleanliness. What this Harley Street—I beg your pardon, this doctor tells me is that there is no cleanliness in all this, that one hot bath and soap is better than fourteen cold tubbings without soap.

* * *

Of course, if a man is young enough, and hardy enough, to linger in the cold bath for a thorough soaping, these remarks do not apply; but most men content themselves with a plunge, and many men contract a chill upon the liver, even with the plunge. Speaking on the whole, I think the cold tub in winter might advantageously be left out of the daily regime of very many men.

* * *

A Birmingham correspondent writes to know if morning coats should be cut long or short. The reply is, that they should be of strictly medium length. Some time ago, morning coats were cut as long as a frock coat, and full in skirts. These were always unsightly, and are now hopelessly out of fashion and out of date.

* * *

I had an interesting conversation, a few evenings ago, with a Scotland Yard man, whose knowledge of the seamy side of London life is extensive and peculiar. He tells me that night clubs, of the old Alsatians' style, are as much in existence to-day (or to-night) as they were in the late eighties, although run less openly. This will be bad reading for those of the Bishops who divide their attention between Music Hall costumes and Cathedral duties.

* * *

The point in the conversation, however, which will interest really good young *Modern Lifers*, was as to the best way of preserving one's money and valuables from the attentions of the ubiquitous pick-pocket. Most men think that gold and notes, stowed away in the hip-pocket, protected with hole and button, are as safe as if banked. My C.I.D. man tells me this is the easiest job coming to the subtle brains and lissom fingers of the London pick-pocket. He finds the hip-pocket "as easy as falling off a log."

* * *

The safe place for money, according to my Scotland Yard expert, is the trousers' pocket of the cross or side variety, but the cross pocket for preference.

* * *

Then, as to the valuable gold Repeater or Waterbury, as the case may be, which is almost universally carried in the waistcoat pocket, and eminently get-at-able. The tip here, for safety, is a ring of rubber, three-quarter inch diameter, quarter-inch thick, with hole in centre. This is stretched over the ring of the watch on the sleeve, between watch and ring. With this useful attachment the watch will not come out of the pocket, unless with a very strong pull or a distension of the pocket mouth.

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WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN IT.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, Jan. 3rd, 1914, and for the first prize of £4 a week for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £208 a year for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

Conditions Governing the Competition.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, January 3rd, 1914. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE No. 5 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, January 2nd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £208 a year for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 5

Matches to be played on Saturday, January 3rd, 1914. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

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BOLTON	v.	MANCHESTER UNITED
BRADFORD CITY	v.	MIDDLESBROUGH
CHELSEA	v.	OLDHAM ATHLETIC
EVERTON	v.	NEWCASTLE
SUNDERLAND	v.	LIVERPOOL
WEST BROMWICH	v.	PRESTON
BLACKPOOL	v.	BARNSLEY
CLAPTON	v.	GLOSSOP
GRIMSBY	v.	LEICESTER
LINCOLN CITY	v.	BURY
NOTTS FOREST	v.	HU
WOOLWICH	v.	WOLVES
HUDDERSFIELD	v.	FULHAM
CRYSTAL PALACE	v.	MILLWALL
MERTHYR	v.	QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS
PLYMOUTH	v.	SWINDON
READING	v.	EXETER CITY
WEST HAM	v.	BRISTOL ROVERS
WATFORD	v.	BRIGHTON

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

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